

TAKING ADVICE.

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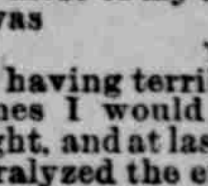
After Considerable Delay She Listened to
Friendly Advice, for Which She Is
Only Thankful.

"Just seventeen," she modestly replied as she blushed and picked nervously at the hem of her kerchief. "And you would like to make a public statement of your case?" he continued. "Yes sir," she replied; "I feel that it is not only a duty, but I really look upon it as, a pleasure and I only wish I could tell one-half of what I know." The above dialogue was carried on between a reporter and Miss Ida Cook, of 553 North Mississippi street. She then told the following story of her life: "I have never

ably as strong suggestions have followed me most of my life. I can remember when I was

YET A CHILD

of having terrible spasms at night. Sometimes I would have three or four in one night, and at last they were so bad that they paralyzed the entire left side of my body.



MISS IDA COOK.

My blood was bad and I would be continually bothered with gatherings, or run-arounds, or some kind of breaking out on some part of my body. The doctors said it was eczema. My head would hurt me and I could not eat or sleep good. Last April I noticed a little breaking out on the first finger of my right hand. At first I paid very little attention to it, but it began to spread and then it began to

BURN AND PAIN

me constantly, and it continued to spread until it covered both my hands and my left foot. It would raise up in little lumps and a hot, watery discharge would come from it, and it could not have pained more if I had put my hands in the fire. I could not work or use my hands for anything. My appetite was gone and I would lose about all night, arising in the morning more exhausted than the night previous. This was my condition when a friend of mine insisted on my trying the Hair Treatment. This I did about three months ago, and it has done more for me than I could have hoped for.

weeks and my skin is free from any blotches or rash whatever. My blood is in better condition than it ever was and I am happier than I ever was in my life. I make this statement without solicitation, and I only regret that I cannot tell just how I was and how my blood was before I took the cure.

Miss Ida Cook lives at 552 North Mississippi street, and will gladly verify her statement.

Office at 303 North Illinois street: Hours—9 to 11 a. m., 1 to 4 p. m., and 7 to 8 p. m. Sundays, 9 to 11 a. m., 3 to 4 p. m. Consultation, \$1. No letters answered unless accompanied by a stamped stamp. Address all mail to Blue Treatment, 303 North Illinois street, Indianapolis.

Electric Lamp for Travelers.
Nature.

One of the latest novelties in the application of electricity consists of an electric reading lamp, which is being fitted to the carriages on the main line of the Southeastern Railway.

a-penny-in-the-slot" automatic machines. The apparatus is situated immediately over the passenger's head, and under the rack, and is contained in a small box, which is lit by a light of five-candle power, and is obtained by the introduction of a penny at the top of the box, and by a subsequent pressure of a knob, as will be described hereafter, which causes the light to burn of that time automatically. If the light be required for an indefinite period, a button every half minute causes the light to be extinguished at any moment by means of a second button provided for the purpose. One of the special features of the invention is that, as the instrument is fitted with a coin return, it is the only one in the present machines. It drops right through, and comes out at the bottom of the box, so that it can be recovered, and the passenger is not obliged to use any other coin than a penny. Each carriage is fitted with an accumulator, which supplies

the electricity. This invention will also greatly increase the comfort of passengers during night journeys.

— A Polite Man. —

Chicago Tribune.


A Chicago man used the telegraph the other day in an odd way. A visitor whom he had met frequently in New York stepped into his office. It was business as well as inclination to be exceedingly cordial to the New Yorker, but for the life of him he could not recall his visitor's name. In the midst of the conversation the Chicago man was reminded of a telegram that he had forgotten to send. Pulling out a blank he sent

the following to his secretary.
"What's the name of Jenkin's head man?"
"Can't recall it. He is here."
They chatted along for half an hour
when the answer came. It read: "Simps-
kins."
"And now, Mr. Simpkins, it's about time
for lunch," remarked the Chicago man.
"We'll go over to the club. I want you to
meet some friends of mine there."

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A bibliomaniac, who died in England a  
few days ago, had many eccentricities. He  
had a most valuable library, and always re-  
fused to allow a book in it over a certain  
age, and absolutely excluded anything  
written either by a clergyman or a woman.  
They had no business with literature, in  
his opinion, and were incapable of achiev-  
ing success in it.

**LAUS**  
**SOAP**



Ding Dong, Bell,  
 The Bells have a story to tell,  
 The Cherub pulls hard on his rope.  
 And loud voices they raise,  
 To remind the world of the woe.

bringing the praise  
of FAIRBANK'S SANTA CLAUS SOAP.  
MADE ONLY BY  
N.K. FAIRBANK & Co.  
CHICAGO.

